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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

What an umpire nature is! What a greatness, composure of depth and tolerance there is in her. You take wheat to cast into the Earth's bosom; your wheat may be mixed with chaff, chopped straw, barn sweepings, dust and all imaginable rubbish; no matter: you cast it into the kind, just Earth; she grows the wheat,—the whole rubbish she silently absorbs, shrouds it in, says nothing of the rubbish. The yellow wheat is growing there; the good earth is silent about all the rest,—has silently turned all the rest to some benefit, too, and makes no complaint about it! So everywhere in nature! She is true and not a lie; and yet so great, and just, and motherly in her truth. She requires of a thing only that it be genuine of heart; she will protect it if so; will not if not so. There is a soul of truth in all the things she ever gave; harbor it. —*Carlyle.*

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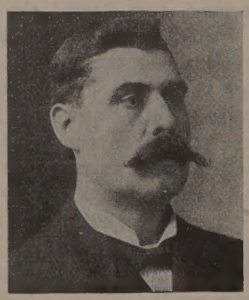

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVII THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1906 NUMBER 23

I trust in nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant
And autumn garner to the end of time.
I trust in God—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while He endures;
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, nature's good
And God's. —*Browning.*

Absolutism, monarchy, bigotry die hard, but die they must. The czar may disband this douma, but there will be another and if needs be another; each will be more irreconcilable and irrepressible than the other. The czar is kicking against the pricks; his feet and not the pricks receive the injury.

Pathos, tenderness and beauty meet in the colored frontispiece of *Collier's Weekly* for July 28, by Jessie Willcox Smith, entitled "The Land of Counterpane." A little sick boy still finds consolation in his Noah's ark, his tin soldiers, his village of houses and pines spread out upon his counterpane. Camps and horses, pine trees and church spires minister to him. Surely, "The Land of Counterpane" is consolation to many a sick child of more adult years.

Collier's Weekly in the current issue makes editorial use of two significant home-comings. "One of them is the richest man in the world. * * * When he returns to his native land he will be met at the dock only by his immediate relatives, and not all of these. If any of the idle curious gather, their curiosity will be tinged with malevolence." The other, "Before he is in sight of shore will catch the excited cheering of an almost hysterically friendly nation, and men will envy other men because they were first to grasp his hand." Rockefeller and Bryan—which is the more enviable? Which has rendered the nobler living?

It is lamentable that a bill for the regulation of the sale of proprietary medicines, which simply requires that the ingredients of such medicines should be clearly indicated on the package, should have been defeated in the last legislature of New York by, to quote from *Charities*, "the opposition of powerful interests having a direct pecuniary stake in the proposed legislation." Comment is unnecessary. Has it come to this, O Empire State! that the dealers in death-dealing narcotics and life-destroying drugs have money enough to defeat humane legislation on these lines?

Once more is the old Bible text verified in the local politics of Illinois, "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him." The "machines" are busy grinding one another. Ex-Governor Yates, whose administration was a weak and shameful one, given over to the furthering of party interests, is now playing the rôle of "reformer" with marked effect. He is "exposing" the wickedness of the federal "machine," and he evidently speaks with authority. His struggles for the senatorial toga make lurid the campaignings among congressional, state and city candidates. Is it a case of "setting a thief to catch a thief?" If only the "people" had the opportunity which the infamous primary law passed last spring deprives them of, they would at the approaching primary say with unmistakable emphasis:

"A plague on both your houses!"

No more welcome or hopeful a visitor has touched our shores for many a day than the premier of New Zealand, Sir Joseph Ward. He was indeed, "a man with a message" to this agitated and agitating land. He came as a gentleman, accompanied by his interesting family; he spoke with the accents of sanity; he was well dressed, well spoken and well behaved. He spoke proudly of those things which in New Zealand are achieved facts, which in America are still under suspicion. Public ownership of natural monopolies, woman suffrage, old age pensions, compulsory arbitration and many more of the things dreaded in America are confessed successes in New Zealand—a land which this premier claimed to be "per capita the richest commonwealth in the world; a land where poverty is as rare as is the enormous individual fortune." Come again, Sir Joseph, and help restore the nerves of the panicky American, who is alarmed at every attempt to apply the Golden Rule in business, lest it may bring confusion into the commercial world and upset his "business."

Charities for July 21 contains hopeful news of growing activities in the interest of the boys and girls. A Juvenile Protective League has been recently organized in Minneapolis under most promising auspices; a "child-problem conference," attended by a thousand persons, has been recently held in Milwaukee; the "Alliance for the Betterment of Local Schools and School Children" of that city has been selling to the school children hot soup and rolls at a penny a bowl during the school time, and a newsboys' association, with 1,500 members, is reported in this city of Milwaukee alone. The "newsboy" has heretofore

been largely the object of ameliorating charity, but it is time we stopped petting the newsboy; we have made a hero of him too long. The newsboy is to be abolished. This Arab of the street, though youthful and picturesque, represents degenerate life, an unpromising return to nomadic conditions. There are better ways of bringing up even the homeless boy than by making professional his half-vagrant life of the street. Let those who seek civic betterment labor for the abolition of the newsboy.

The *Cambrian News,* a Welsh secular paper, which is before us, contains a leading editorial on "The Poverty of Ministers." It calls attention to the deplorable fact that "many ministers who render faithful service in non-conformist churches in Wales subsist on less than what the artisan calls a living wage. He lives out his life in suffering and silence and has to deny himself every day in ways that are little suspected by people whose weekly butcher bills are often more than his total income." At a recent association of the North Wales Methodists it appeared that the "situation of the parish policeman with his prospect of pension was infinitely more desirable than that of scores of ministers who have nothing better to hope for than the prospect of parish relief at the end of their ministerial career." The situation cannot be so bad in America, but we have abundant reason to know that things are far from being as they should be. This editorial recommends that "there should be, first, a fixed minimum salary for ministers and that no church that cannot afford this minimum ought to expect the services of a minister. Second, there ought to be a system of insurance which would secure to every aged minister on his retirement an allowance that would secure him from want." The editorial also places the responsibility largely on the "deacons" who fail to recognize the shameful situation, or, recognizing it, refuse to take the heroic initiative which the situation requires. It may be true of churches as of individuals that life is not worth living unless it can be lived on high and honorable grounds and can justify its existence.

The July number of the *National Geographic Magazine* must be a revelation to many a disciple of the rifle and the game bag. We have not much hope for the confirmed Nimrod who has grown old in his lust for blood, but we have much hope that the embryonic hunter studying the pages of this magazine will receive a flash of light that will startle the conscience and show him not only the better, but the far more interesting and exciting way of hunting. The pages of this issue are almost entirely given over to Hon. George Shiras III, who is described as "the originator of the sport of hunting wild game with the camera and who for twenty years has devoted his vacations to this fascinating recreation." Much of the space is given to illustrations showing the wonderful though bloodless triumphs of this expert hunter. Here we catch the wild cat, the timid doe, the cow elk and calf, the red deer, the porcupine, and numerous birds struck dumb with amazement by the dazzling light. Here we see the coon and the bull moose taking their own pictures, and many other shy citizens in fur and feathers, captured but uninjured. Quite aside from the food question or hunting and fishing as a business, it is obviously the business of the higher civilization to eliminate the passion to kill from the blood of the rising generation. The life of outdoors, the freedom from care, the excitement of the hunt are all good, and these pleasures are all intensified when the weapon used is a camera and not a rifle, and the catch of the former leaves behind it no sense of remorse over death gasps and the broken family life of bird or beast. There is not much development in the prohibition which says to the boy, "You must not shoot," and "You cannot go fishing;" but there is much development when the boy is wooed by the higher sportsmanship and he goes hunting without a gun and fishing without a rod, and always returns with game. We hope many of the young readers of UNITY will obtain a copy of this magazine, enjoy its wonderful pictures, and then recommit to memory the lines of Emerson, which at this season of the year for many years we have reproduced:

> "Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
> Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
> At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
> Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
> And loved so well a high behavior,
> In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
> Nobility more nobly to repay?
> O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!"

What If It Don't Work?

Below we give an interesting sociological bout between two specialists. Professor Zueblin is a well-known student in sociology. He is a close student of Ruskin, William Morris and their fellows, who have thought deeply upon the problems of society and the economic life of the modern man. In addition to his studies he has spent years in close practical observation and contact with men and movements that seek social betterment.

Dr. Lydston is a man who has won an enviable reputation as a physician. He has spent years in the study of the organs and humors of the human body. The residents of Chicago will promptly recognize his right to an opinion concerning the subtle disorders of the human body, and if Professor Zueblin were to challenge Dr. Lydston's opinions concerning fevers or other bodily disorders with twelve or more categorical questions with an "your-answer-or-your-life" inflection, the intelligent would readily recognize an element of intellectual arrogance in this non-expert's attempt to dispose, by a dozen "yeas" or "nays" of the result of years of study on the part of Dr. Lydston.

But this seems very like the thing done by Dr. Lydston last week when in the pages of the *Tribune* he proceeded to "hold up" Professor Zueblin for some

of the opinions recently expressed in a course of lectures at the University of Chicago. Of course, the intelligent will promptly recognize Dr. Lydston's right to ask questions, perhaps his skill in asking them, but the nature of the questions will show very clearly, that the doctor is an amateur in sociology, however expert he may be in medicine, for the problems of social disorders, as well as of bodily disorders, are not to be settled on empirical grounds, and the fact that a certain prescription does not put an end to the disease does not necessarily invalidate the diagnosis or condemn the prescription. There are certain unscientific assumptions lying back of all such "knock-down" questions as those propounded by Dr. Lydston, the most fatal of which is the assumption that the *statu quo* is all right, that the present order of things is working well. Tolstoy's challenge is in order in the face of such assumptions as underlie Dr. Lydston's questions. It is quite pertinent to ask, "Does the present competitive 'get-all-you-can-and-hold-all-you-get' practice in the industrial world work satisfactorily? Is the multi-millionaire so happy and so useful a man? Are his children so favored, his home such a center of light and life that it should not be menaced by a suggestion of change? Is the present condition of the working man so satisfactory? Is he in the way of so much happiness, expert skill and civic usefulness that a change should not be discussed? In short, if the Golden Rule will not work, is the Iron Rule working much better?

We are glad Professor Zueblin "picked up the gage," as the *Tribune* calls it. We think that, to say the least, he gave as good as he got. This sociological sparring does not settle much, but the pathetic cry of this twentieth century for justice, the growing sense of shame which mantles the cheeks of the comfortable and the prosperous in the presence of the ignorance and the misery of their fellows, the cry of the favored for service and the gropings of the intelligent towards bortherhood, count much. Here are the questions and answers:

Question 1—Is there any practical method of preventing the accumulation of enormous riches under present conditions?

Answer—There is no practical or desirable method of preventing the accumulation of enormous riches (public, if not private), but it is possible to make incomes correspond more closely to services.

Question 2—If not, and the rich man is inevitable, has he not the same rights under the law as any other citizen?

Answer—The rich man has the same rights under the law as any other citizen, but the right of the law is questioned.

Question 3—In spending his money as he pleases, and when he pleases, is he not within his rights so long as he is within the law?

Answer—A man is entitled to a halo who spends his money as he pleases and remains within the moral law.

Question 4—Would it be better for the world at large for the rich to hoard their money or to spend it freely?

Answer—Hoarding money or spending it is not the only alternative, but in spending, as Ruskin said, a man "may buy disease, ruin and hatred, or health, advancement and domestic love."

Question 5—Under present conditions is there any way to compel a rich man to distribute his wealth? If not, and by spending his money he puts it in general circulation, should he not at least be privileged to amuse himself in so doing if he so elects, providing he does not infringe upon the personal rights of others?

Answer—By spending his money a rich man does put it in general circulation, even if amusing himself. Probably the sooner a fool and his money are parted the better, but that is no credit to the fool.

Question 6—Which is the more valuable social factor, the millionaire miser or the millionaire spendthrift?

Answer—The millionaire spendthrift is the result of the millionaire miser. The latter is small and the former insignificant. Of the two evils, choose the lesser.

Question 7—How would the under dog be benefited by the rich tying their purse strings? Were the rich compelled to live the simple life and limit their expenses to a few thousand a year, what provision does Prof. Zueblin propose to make for the army of the unemployed who are benefited by the rich man's prodigality? He surely does not advocate compulsory distribution of wealth.

Answer—The army of the unemployed is not decreased by the rich man's prodigality. As a consumer he employs only a few, but his misemployment sustains unproductive industries and multiplies the unjustifiably rich.

Questions 8 and 9—Granting that there was a compulsory distribution of wealth, how long would a man be able to live on his share of the spoils? Still granting the equal distribution of wealth, what enterprise would be able to survive on any one man's or any dozen men's share of the division?

Answer—No one who has read an economic primer ever suggested the equal distribution of wealth, for wealth is not measured by money. "There is no wealth but life."

Question 10—Granting that the rich were compelled to live the simple life, what use would they have for riches?

Answer—If the rich should lead the simple life, they would be tempted to invest in the sort of industries that support good citizens.

Question 11—Having no use for riches—unless they were legally forced to work for wealth that others might prosper—what inducement would men of energy and brains have for undertaking the great enterprises which are so essential to the public weal?

Answer—Men of energy and brains have always been found to work for the public weal in disregard of profit, as Dr. Lydston ought to have discovered in his own profession.

Question 12—Without these great enterprises, what honest means for earning a livelihood would the professor suggest for the men and women to whom great enterprises give employment?

Answer—The great enterprises give employment to the captains of industry as well as the workers; and the masses, not the rich, pay the bills.

Tower Hill Letter No. 3

Nestled on the side of Tower Hill we, a little colony of tired people, have come to commune together, far from the rush, roar, and worry of the hot city. The oak and pine shelter us from the good sun when too hot, and sing for us in the breezes. What joy to find kindred souls, all longing for inspiration, all looking for spiritual food to help us on in this strenuous world. And here it is to be found, in the quiet and beauty of the place, in the study of such men and their works as Ruskin, and in the study of the grand old prophets of the Bible, their faith and their works; not for one instance leaving out the beautiful Nature studies which increases our reverence for that Creator who "createth all, both great and small."

Five mornings of the week, before the dew is off the grass, find us answering the call of the bell to the study of birds and flowers. We meet in that charming and unique place—the Emerson Pavilion—a goodly company of pleasant-faced, intelligent people, ranging in age from the six-year-old to the gray-haired minister. So you see, it meets all our needs, fills all our hearts with joy, to follow our leaders into the very heart of nature. In other words, getting nearer to the sources of our being. The hours which we spend with our nature teachers, Miss Hatherell and Mr. Olmstead, are delightful beyond words, and in this connection I must linger for just one touch of the wonderful and mysterious in nature. One of these delightful mornings was spent in the study of the evening primrose. After telling of its structure and habits, our teacher told us the story of its fertilization by a beautiful little wanderer of the night, called the pink moth, with yellow-tipped wings. Our dainty yellow primrose has need of this frail wanderer, as wise as a sage, she reveals her beauty as the soft shadows of evening approach and entices the little wanderer to sip from her nectar cup, causing the little creature to gather pollen on its wings which will fertilize the next primrose he enters, thereby perpetuating the sweet little blossom. If perchance he

stays too long, the petals close over him, and, though he is larger than the blossom, his yellow-tipped wings only are visible to the hungry bird who mistakes him for part of the flower and passes him by. This makes us feel that after all Nature watches over even the little moth.

Then we have not only the real birds, but the picture birds thrown on the screen by Mr. Olmstead, which delights the children and also the grown-ups.

The quiet, serene hours spent on Pine Knob, a point on the hill overlooking the river, watching and listening for birds, is another joy that is good for the soul as well as for the knowledge it brings.

Each little cottage in its little nook on this precious hill is interesting as well as are its occupants, and each cottage differs as widely as its inmates.

Imagine the sun setting behind the hills, the bell for evening hour study ringing, our leader coming down the path from his cottage—Westhope—books and lantern in hand, and from every path among the trees come his followers. As the shadows deepen we gather to listen to Ruskin's message left us in his "A Joy Forever." The forenoon hour is equally interesting, as Mr. Jones makes for us the great prophets of the Old Testament living, intense, powerful men, who have been an inspiration to the Jewish people all these years, and keep them alive as it were.

We have had the extreme pleasure of going to Italy, through another's point of view (Miss Sabin, of the Oak Park, Ill., High School), which has created a desire in us to see it for ourselves, if we haven't already —the descriptions of the historical points, the people, the place, were all so graphic.

We have also listened to a "globe-trotter"—Rev. W. Jenkin Davies, of Wales—with much interest and amusement.

When we are not being entertained, fed mentally and spiritually, by all these great and imposing things, we have the beautiful stroll up and down the hill, the charming landscapes, such as only a Corot or a Millet could give you.

On the Sunday we have vesper service at early evening, and of all the sacred hours of prayer I ever spent, this one is the most sacred, similar to the Ruskin nights, but added to that is a deeper reverence, a quieter mood, a close communion with our God. Mr. Jones reads to us some high poetry, which speaks the thoughts that we can only feel. We sing the most beloved and familiar hymns and after a benediction we wend our way homeward through the woods, at peace with all the world.

L. T. I.

In Wordsworth Land

For many years it has been both my task and my delight to write a Tower Hill letter for UNITY at least once each summer. This year, though an exile, the old habit is upon me, and the annual letter will, as usual, seek its place in the pages of UNITY, though it is not for me to write of excursions in search of the joy and beauty of the Wisconsin hills or the still higher quest for beauty and truth in the tree-shaded, bird-haunted Emerson pavilion on Tower Hill. For not even to the blessed is it given to inhabit two heavens at once, though we may hope it is not forbidden to carry as many Paradises in the breast as one has discovered or made for himself in whatever worlds he has passed through.

About seven weeks ago, if English calendars are true, I entered the English lakeland through the Windermere gate, whence a coach drive of nine miles brought me to Grasmere, a convenient center to the lake district and the spot where Wordsworth memories grow thickest.

It was my plan not to be a tourist during the less than two months I had allotted to this region out of my brief stay in England. And in carrying out this plan, I took "lodgings" in Grasmere and became as far as possible a citizen of the place, mingling with my daily avocations as many pedestrian excursions and of such a length as lay within the compass of a mere American, of the weaker sex—if I may allow myself the use of an expression now belonging to the last century—and supplementing these by coach trips to a few points that lay absolutely and ignominiously beyond my limited pedestrian range. This meant leaving out many of the places which "everybody" says you really must not go home without seeing. But this I shall be more than content to do if I have thereby absorbed a little—a very little—of the spirit of mountain and lake and cloud and moor, which the poet here, as nowhere else in the English-speaking world, has so richly interpreted.

The first thing I was obliged to do in an attempt to come to an understanding with this region, was to get rid, practically as well as theoretically, of my American ideas of distance, size and height. The lake country is a world in little. Taking Grasmere as a center, and swinging a radius of eighteen miles around it, you would include all of the lakes and graze the sands of Duddon and Morecombe Bay. Yet within this little circle you have a variety of landscape which you might travel a thousand miles in America without finding. Windermere, the largest lake in England, is but ten and a half miles long. Scafell Pike is but 3,210 feet high, and there are within this area but three other peaks which rise above the three thousand limit. It is then upon other elements than that of size that the lake country must base its claims for admiration. What these elements are I am not trying to say. There are those who know, and will tell you of the unity and proportion and all the rest. I only know that to me as to many another, it is restful, beautiful and uplifting beyond all telling.

Of some of the walks I had planned I may not write, for they will never be taken; for the first of the hoped-for longer ones was not realized until I had spent—not quite wasted, as I wrote at first—a month under the shadows of the hills. I had crossed the sea to climb, taking the same little walks over and over again and possessing myself of what patience I might until I had "worked up" from no miles a day to a distance I need not blush to own, but which might seem like boasting if I wrote it down for publication; and the last one turned into a coach ride and brought me out by way of Dunmail Raise, where the last King of Cumbria lies buried with a big heap of stones above him to mark the spot where he fought his last fight. It was a losing battle, and he has no need of so many stones to keep him down. From that point, too, a stone wall on one side and an iron fence on the other run to the top of Steel Fell and Seat Sandal, and are popularly but inaccurately supposed to mark the boundary between Westmoreland and Cumberland. At Keswick I took the train for Penrith, and so out to Carlisle. And of the days between the first sight of Windermere and last glimpse of Derwent Water and Skiddaw, I will try to give a few of my impressions.

I should like it if my record of impressions, like the impressions themselves, might all be colored and scented with the sweet little English garden which was my home during my Grasmere days—a garden

stone-walled without but hawthorn-hedged within. I had never liked the English high walls—they were too exclusive and undemocratic—but I confess to liking them better from an interior point of view. Our garden had everything in it that a garden ought to have, from the rhododendrons, which flung out all their glory of scarlet and lavender during the first weeks in June, down through the primrose and lilies of the valley, to the ribbon-grass that grew in all our grandmothers' gardens and grows here along the gravel that leads to what would be a surprise had it not a betraying voice—the "beck," the Rothay, chief inlet and outlet of Grasmere and Rydal Water, which lingers a little to form our boundary-line. We were always going to have our afternoon tea by its bank under one of the big beeches that shade it, but never found it warm enough to drive us from the sunny lawn, where we loved to thaw our chilly American marrows.

It was in Dove Cottage, at the south end of the village of Grasmere, that Wordsworth lived from 1799 to 1808, first with his "sole sister," Dorothy, and afterwards with his young wife whom he brought as a bride in 1802 to what he called

"The calmest, fairest spot on earth."

and although the Grasmere of today is not quite the Grasmere of a hundred years ago, it is still easy to say with the poet,

"On Nature's invitation do I come,
By Reason sanctified."

The cottage, thanks to the energetic action of the Reverend Stopford Brooke and his brother, has been purchased and made a Wordsworth museum, while several of the rooms are kept much as they were in Wordsworth's time. In the orchard, "a little nook of mountain ground," you may still see the descendants of Dorothy's daffodils and primroses, the yews planted by Wordsworth, the well which supplied the cottage with water, and the seat under the arbor which he built with his own hands. His presence was everywhere pervasive. The quaint old church, said to have been founded in the seventh century by King Oswald, of Northumberland, while parts of the present walls are as old as the thirteenth century, is described in the fifth book of the Excursion:

"Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy; for duration built."

Wordsworth and his family lie buried in its shadow by the banks of the Rothay. Grasmere Vale itself may still be described in the words of De Quincey: "Solitary, yet sowed, as it were, with a thin diffusion of humble dwellings—here a scattering and there a clustering, as in the starry heavens."

From Grasmere it is a short two and a half miles to Rydal Mount, whither Wordsworth removed on leaving Grasmere and where he spent the remainder of his life; and from either Dove Cottage or Rydal Mount there is scarcely a walk or a view in any direction that is not consecrated with his verse, for no other English poet has so thoroughly and lovingly identified himself with his surroundings as Wordsworth. Go through the Excursion, the Prelude, the Poems of Places, and dozens of the shorter poems, marking the allusions to places, and when you come here you will be surprised and delighted at the number you will find, described with marvelous fidelity, and always with that lift of the spirit which is the poet's supreme gift.

And here I want to speak of the inestimable service which Professor Knight, of Edinburgh, has rendered the poet-loving world in his little book "The English Lake District as Interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth," in which he has located a great number of these places with much care and discrimination. A still better help in connecting the poet's vision with the solid earth, I have found in Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals, one of the most unique and delightful pieces of journal-making I have ever come across. She was, from first to last, his cherished companion. It is hard to tell what she lacked to the making of a poet unless it might be the sense of rythm. Wordsworth wrote in the Prelude:

"Thy breath,
Dear Sister, was a kind of gentle spring
That went before my steps."

After the shorter walks about Dove Cottage and the church, one of my first pilgrimages was

"Up the tumultuous brook of Green Head Ghyll,"

where Michael built his sheepfold. The fold is gone, but the brook is still a mountain torrent, full of little cascades, still well wooded far up towards the head, and exquisitely lovely throughout its course. Its beauty drew me to it again and again.

(Concluded next week.)

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Keswick, England, July 16, 1906.

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, OF FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER V.

WITH HER AT HOME.

"I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too!
Her household motions light and free,
* * * * * * *
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet,
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.
A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

How Wordsworth's beautiful tribute to woman comes back to me as out of the shadows of the years that are fled I recall Mother Bickerdyke as I saw her in her home. Not perfect in the sense of being immune from human faults and failures—we could not have loved her as we did—could not love her as we still do—had this been true, but yet most "nobly planned to warn, to comfort and command," with a something about her we could not resist—a something that called us to high belief and service. Was it the compelling power of her great love? the force of her deep, unshaken faith in humanity? How vividly her face and form come back to me as I sit writing of her! She was as plain in dress as in speech; "They try to fix me up and make me look stylish sometimes," she told me, "but," she added, "I don't like it. I don't want to think of my dress, there's too much else to think of and to do. I've no time for the making or the wearing of frills. It's what a woman does, not what she wears, that counts with me. I've no mind to be fashionable, anyway," and I hear yet the laugh with which she finished her remarks. And so it is that when I look at her photo, taken when some one had "fixed her up," another and a dearer picture of her comes to my mind. A picture in which her soft, white hair is drawn smoothly back from her face and coiled low down on the back of her head, her dress, guiltless of collar or tie, unfastened at the throat and turned back to give her ample breathing room, her waist untrammeled by girdle or belt, her skirt short enough to be out of the way of her feet—never needing to be held up or thought of when she walked—in fact, the dress of a free woman who placed comfort before style, and to whom life was too busy and earnest, too filled with

real things to have time or care for what she wore. Neat and tidy she always was, but unconventional and free. I called at her home informally at all hours—morning, noon or night—and this was the garb in which she oftenest greeted me. This was as I saw and knew her in the summer days. As winter came on she dressed warmer, as we all do, but always in a way to leave her the free use of every member. In more formal dress she wore soft folds of white lace about her neck, but no stiff collars, no fetters of any kind for her.

As I have said, there was no formality about my visits. Wherever in the house she happened to be busy at the time I called, whether in kitchen, bedroom or parlor, there she took me, there we talked and worked together for, unless my stay must be very short, she would let me take part in her work, and thus I felt that I did not hinder her in any way and staid longer than I would have done had it been otherwise. Once it was the time of canning peaches; she led me out into the kitchen where I found the dignified Professor Bickerdyke with one of his mother's ample aprons fastened about his waist helping Lydia pare peaches, while she attended to the cooking and the canning of them. "Jimmy had nothing to do this afternoon and these peaches needed taking care of right away, so I told him he might as well help us," she said. At my request, she gave me a can of peaches and a knife and I, too, "helped," and what a social, merry time we had over our work! She kept urging me to "eat them—eat all you can—they're good for you." "Yes, eat them," said the Professor, "for what you eat mother won't have to can. She is getting too tired anyway"—so mindful was he ever of her comfort.

Again I would find her busy overseeing the making of garments for some of her "poor folks," whom she had literally "always with her," or dictating letters to the girl who wrote for her, for owing to the effect of the blood poisoning she contracted while at work among the prisoners of Andersonville, her hands, all the later years of her life, were too stiff to guide a pen. Yet her letters, though written by another, came warm and true from her heart, and woe be to the girl who sought to change them in any way, or to make them different from her dictation! She would not stand any "meddling," as she called it, and "What I want written I want written," she would say. "You can write your own letters to suit yourself, but mine must be written to suit me, and if you can't do it some one else can." Yet, despite this strict "toeing of the mark" required of all who worked for her, those who were longest in her service loved her the best, for they found her as ready to praise as to blame, as quick to see a good intent as a fault. She never forgot the ties of our common humanity that bound her to the lowest and the weakest as surely as to the highest and the greatest. It is said "More love is needed to blame rightly than to praise." This love Mother Bickerdyke had in full measure "pressed down and overflowing." And not for the human family alone, but for the "little brothers in feathers and fur," for all the domestic animals as well. She thought of and planned for the comfort of all that came within her reach, and that reach extended far and wide.

I recall one amusing little incident connected with a moving day. The drayman had his load all ready for a start with Mother Bickerdyke comfortably seated in the front of the wagon. As he attempted to climb up to his seat on top of his load, his feet struck a large basket that he had not before seen. "What's that?" he asked, as he tried to make room for his feet beside it. "That, sir, is my cat. If you don't want to ride with her, you can walk, for she isn't going to," came the quick reply from the good mother. Needless to say both man and cat rode in comfort from the old to the new home.

If a sick person was refractory and inclined to refuse necessary ministrations, it was Mother Bickerdyke who was appealed to to find a way to solve the problem. And solve it she did in ways alike vigorous and unique—as when Mrs. Blank—an English lady of much refinement—was sick with fever. In her delirium she refused the bath ordered for her by the attending physician. The nurses tried by all gentle ways to override her sick fancies and carry out the doctor's orders, but in vain. At last they sent for Mrs. Bickerdyke. She came, she saw, she conquered. Stepping to the bedside with that resolute way so well known where she was known, she turned back the covers with a "Ha! ha! What's this? Won't have a bath, eh? Now you turn right over here and be bathed or *I will spank you.*" Even in her delirium the sick woman recognized the voice of authority and the invincible will with which she had to deal and obediently as a child she "turned over" and was bathed without protest or resistance. "Now, why couldn't she have done that for us?" questioned the nurses. It was but the difference in the women that all, whether sick or well, must feel. Mother Bickerdyke not only "spoke as one having authority," but also as one whose commands could not be disobeyed. She had faith in herself and in her cause—and this inspired others with a like faith. She did not expect to fail, therefore she did not fail. It was the sublime might of right—the power of truth invincible and unyielding ever, that, showing now and then in such lives as hers, gives us hope for the future and a promise of things to be when men and women generally claim their heritage as children of the Highest, and awake to the possibilities hid in our human nature. As her son has written "she was inspired"—but so may others be inspired if they will but live in harmony with the Divine and draw their daily, hourly supply from the great founts of life and knowledge. She came of heroic stock. In her veins mingled the blood of statesmen, warriors and patriots, as well as of the scholar and the preacher. Of men and women bred in the stern schools of want and necessity, of high faiths and of noble living. Who but one thus born could have done the work she did? Who but such as she could have brought order and comfort out of the disorder and confusion of camp and field hospitals, sustaining the courage of the wounded and the dying with songs and prayers, with "words fitly spoken," and deeds as fitly done, while shot and shell fell and exploded around her? To whom but to such as she would the soldier give the holy name of "Mother"—that name that is first on the lips of childhood entering life, and last on the lips of the dying as they slip out into the silence of eternity? Who but Mother Bickerdyke could have shaken and scolded our dear Senior Editor out of the apathy of fever and home-sickness as he lay "one of the helpless burdens of the hospital at Corinth," when he, "a mere baby of seventeen," as he told me, was slipping out of life from the mere lack of something to arouse and hold him? This something she furnished and to her, under God, undoubtedly we owe his life of love and service, of devotion to truth in the long years that lie between seventeen and sixty. And he is but one among hundreds, yea, thousands who have felt the healing touch of her hands and been aroused to life and love of life—to the gladness of service and duty by the beauty and depth of her gracious ministry.

THE PULPIT

The Greatest Need in Religion Today

A SERMON PREACHED BY DR. P. M. SNYDER IN 2ND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, ROCKFORD, ILL., JUNE 3, 1906, AT THE REQUEST OF THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

Seek ye first His kingdom, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.—Matt. 6:33.

This evening in a dozen different pulpits, in and about Chicago, the question of The Greatest Need in Religion Today will be discussed by nearly two dozen clergymen and laymen, including at least two Jewish rabbis, and in not a few other pulpits the same theme will be taken up in connection with one of the regular services of the day.

This will be done in no spirit of antagonism or of desire to emphasize any particular phase of belief, but with an earnest purpose to turn men's thoughts more and more to the great needs of life, the central principles which are sometimes forgotten in the bitterness of our party controversies and often driven into the background by the stress of temptation and the hurried eagerness of the lives we are living.

Since the suggestion was made to me that I should be one to take up this same great theme today, a suggestion accompanied by no hint of any kind as to the way in which it should be treated, several things have pointed to the line of thought I have chosen for this morning.

It is not easy to single out any one thing as the greatest religious need of the day. There are half a dozen needs so great that each one might claim the first place and I doubt not the different men who speak along this line this evening will point their hearers in many different directions. Nevertheless, personally, I have been increasingly impressed with the feeling that the most urgent need in religion today is the need of a fresh sense of personal obligation to God and to righteousness.

Several months ago I was much struck by an informal address by Lyman Abbot at Beloit, in which he claimed that the church had greater opportunities today than in the past, because men were coming to feel, as never before, the need of righteousness. He pointed back to the time when enthusiasts looked upon universal suffrage as a panacea for human ills, and to the later decades when universal education was supposed to be the secret of universal prosperity and happiness, reminded us that today we are coming to realize that the ballot may lead to demoralization as well as to liberty, that intelligence may only increase a man's power for evil and that the world's deepest need is of loyalty to truth and the right.

Last Sunday one of the leading dailies headed one of its editorials with the words, Wanted, a New Morality. It went on to say that the principles of Christianity were good enough and that they were recognized as good by the great majority of people, whether they lived up to them or not, but that morality was a life and that what was wanted was a new loyalty to common righteousness.

Such words, coming from such different sources, impress us not because they are novel or specially profound, but because they bring out a fact that is being forced upon us from 1,000 different directions, the fact that the chief peril that faces us as a nation is due not to ignorance or to any outer or physical condition, but to our indifference to the plain demands of conscience, to our sacrificing principle to profits and to pleasure, to our seeking first the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, and our readiness to fall down and worship almost any emissary of Satan who has these things at his disposal.

But I spoke of a fresh sense of personal obligation to God as well as righteousness. I was old-fashioned enough to confess that these modern years do not seem to me to have produced any very satisfactory substitute for God, any theory of life that will take the place of a man's supreme obligation to his Maker, to the Holy One who speaks to us through the voice of conscience, bidding us do right though the heavens fall.

James Martineau, in his admirable book entitled The Seat of Authority in Religion, points out most admirably how no system of utilitarianism, no mere rcekoning of results, can ever take the place of that instinctive demand of conscience which speaks with authority and insists that every lower motive shall give way in the presence of duty.

It is perfectly true that each succeeding decade ought to teach us how to apply our principles most helpfully to the needs of the world, but no new knowledge can take the place of the supreme loyalty of the individual to God and His holy will. No new command can take the place of the Master's words, Seek ye first His kingdom and His righteousness.

This is not only essential for the character of the individual, but it is fundamental to any real and permanent social uplift.

These are days in which the social side of life is receiving much needed recognition. We are realizing that salvation is wrought out not by hermits and saints in isolation, but by men and women associated in all the relationships of actual life, and that he best serves his God who carries the highest principles, the most unselfish devotion into these very relationships.

This is well, and the appreciation of it is sorely needed. Nevertheless there is danger that in our recognition of the social side of salvation we shall forget the very thing that lies at the foundation of it all, the loyalty and devotion of individual men and women and children.

This is the weakness of many of the social movements so characteristic of this age.

Their strength lies in their recognition of the imperfection and even fundamental injustice of some of our present social and industrial conditions and of the fact that such conditions must be changed before life can be lived at its best and most beautiful in this world of ours.

Their weakness lies in the tacit assumption, and sometimes in the open assertion, that changed conditions would redeem the race. They fail to see that more favorable surroundings will be for a selfish man only a fresh opportunity to gratify his selfishness.

There are two things which we ought to look upon as settled. (1) The first is that the Christian spirit of love and service will never rest content until it has brought life's outer conditions into the closest possible harmony with itself. So long as injustice and unfair conditions prevail, so long the spirit of the Master in the hearts of men will continue to strive after their betterment. The old idea of the "Kingdom" will find its fullest realization only when social conditions are conformed to Christian ideals.

(2) The other is, that changed outward conditions will never take the place of heart loyalty to God and righteousness. No social or industrial system will ever be satisfactory, so long as selfishness is the ruling motive, the controlling passion, of the men and women

who make up society and who carry on our industries.

Why should the possession of larger opportunities make those who now have them not any better or any happier men and women than those who now possess them? If selfishness now rules in the hearts of the masses by the simple gift to them of some larger share in the world's goods and opportunities. Just as you find good men and bad in every walk of life, among the rich and among the poor, so the world can never be redeemed, righteousness and peace can never win full final victory by any mere change in outer conditions.

For the community, then, as well as for the individual, I believe that the fundamental religious need of today is a fresh sense of obligation to God and the right, a new devotion to duty, a larger willingness to seek His kingdom and His righteousness.

For the church, this means a new preaching of repentance and that in no vague or general terms. In the face of the temptations peculiar to our own times, the church must stand for personal and commercial and civic righteousness in the spirit of John the Baptist and in the spirit of the Christ.

In a way the church has always preached repentance. It has always said that men must repent and it has always denounced the coarse and more open sins. But, with changed conditions and opportunities, the borderline between that which is lawful and that which is unlawful has grown indistinct until conscience has become confused and principles of life are tolerated in good society, tolerated in the church, which are essentially iniquitous.

This calls for clearer distinctions and a more outspoken insistence on righteousness. I believe that it is coming. Not for many years, if ever, has the public conscience been so alert to mark moral distinctions as it is today. Not for years, if ever, have men been so quick to recognize the true character of methods that prey upon the public and amass wealth for which they render no adequate return. These days of exposure, of revelation, of denunciation, are days that are full of promise because they show an awakening conscience, a new sense of responsibility for the public welfare.

I do not say that the church has been the leader in this revival of the demand for righteousness. I wish that I could say it. The power of the church in the community would be far greater today if it were always in the front rank in every movement in behalf of righteousness. I do not say that the church has led in this movement, but it shares in it, and I believe that it is to do its part more effectively in the days to come. The church is conservative, not very quick to perceive new issues and their significance, and there is no question that its vision is less keen because it is supported to so large an extent by men who are interested in maintaining existing conditions. But the church is not essentially cowardly, it has never sold out to any existing order of things, and when it really finds itself face to face with a distinct moral issue, it still has leaders of heroic mold and thousands upon thousands who are ready to give "His Kingdom and His Righteousness" the first place in their lives. I do not expect any violent revolution, any sudden spasm of conscientiousness on the part of the church at large, but I do expect the church of these coming decades to take an increasingly positive attitude toward the great moral issues of the time, to insist more urgently that no prize of personal indulgence or worldly prosperity may excuse a man for disloyalty to duty or dishonesty of life.

As we read the story of the monarchs of Israel in the Books of the Kings, we find varying accounts of successes and failures, of victories and of defeats, but the judgment of the historian does not rest upon the issues of battles or the result of campaigns. There is a verdict which is passed upon the successive occupants of thrones of Judah and Israel which is independent of the outer fortunes of their reigns. It is expressed in the simple words: "He did that which was right," or, "He did that which was evil, in the sight of the Lord." I believe that the day is coming when such a verdict, passed by one's fellow men, by his friends and neighbors, passed by the church of God, will be accounted of more consequence than any record of success that can be expressed in terms of dollars and cents, or of houses and lands, or of public offices and technical honors.

It is of more consequence now after a man is dead and we can look back over his finished career and judge it apart from the glamour of its surroundings. I believe that the time will come when it will be of more consequence to the man himself while he is living, when men will covet the verdict of loyalty to the right more than they covet any prize that mammon has to offer.

"A fresh sense of personal obligation to God and to righteousness"—I have spoken of it as the greatest need in religion today, viewed from the standpoint of the country at large. I should say the same thing of Rockford, and I should say the same thing of our own church.

This is a beautiful city and its citizens are, on the whole, intelligent and moral and law-abiding. As cities average, we have every reason to be proud of our home. In this we may well rejoice; but we must not shut our eyes to the perils that exist, and, to me, the most threatening symptom of the present for this, our city, is the fact that so many of our reputable citizens seem to be losing their sense of obligation to God. I do not say, "to righteousness," but "to God."

I fancy I hear some one saying, "O, you are a preacher and you want every one to go to church. You think that everyone is going to the bad who does not go to hear somebody preach every Sunday."

That is not true. It is entirely possible for a man to stay away from church on conscientious principles, because he honestly believes that he can serve God better somewhere else, and I would be the first to recognize that possibility; but, I will say this, that as a matter of fact, the attitude of the average man toward the Sabbath and toward the church is a pretty good indication of his attitude toward his Maker. If he honors the Lord's Day and reverences the Lord's House, it is pretty sure to be because he recognizes his own personal obligations to his God; and if the average man desecrates the Lord's Day and ignores the Lord's House, it is pretty apt to be because he has little sense of any such personal obligation to his God. He may still be very conscientious in the discharge of what he regards as his duties to his fellow men, but when a man no longer feels that he owes supreme loyalty to his Maker, it will be strange if his loyalty to righteousness as between man and man does not begin to lose its power over his life, and still stranger if it does not lose its power over his children. Why should I sacrifice my own interests for the sake of my neighbor if there be not some larger principle of obligation that includes all ages and all worlds and finds supreme expression in Him in whom we live and move and have our being?

I said that the most threatening symptom of the present, for this our city, is in the fact that so many

of our reputable citizens seem to be losing their sense of obligation to God. Why did I say, "so many of our reputable citizens" and not simply "citizens?" Because the standard of life toward which any city strives is determined not by what is done but by what is considered respectable, and when those who stand high in business and social circles ignore their obligations to their Maker the result is far more disastrous than if the same thing were done by those who are universally regarded as ignorant and depraved. I wish that our business men understood that.

I spoke of our own church.

You all know how highly I regard many things for which I believe that this church ought to stand in this community—a broad charity for others, worthy conceptions of God and his dealings with men, openness to all truth.

Nevertheless, if I were to take the question of the morning and apply it to our own church, if I were to ask, "What is, for us, the greatest need in religion today?" I should go back to the same answer and say, "A fresh sense of personal obligation to God and to righteousness." We have that sense but we need more of it.

If we, the members of this congregation, could come to this place, and could go from it to our homes and to our work in the world, profoundly conscious of the fact that we are God's men and women and that to do His will and manifest His holiness in our lives is our supreme calling, we should live ourselves upon a plane of spiritual elevation and we should be a power for good in this community which no ordinary words could describe. It would lift us above the stress of temptation, it would deliver us from the bondage of fear, it would win for us the profound respect of the whole city and would give us unmeasured influence in all that concerned its welfare.

I do not know how much God may put within our power in connection with the uplifting of the world, but the command that comes to us is very simple and very personal. The Lord said to his disciples, "Seek ye first His Kingdom and His righteousness." This is the message that comes to us today. May God grant us a new realization of Himself, of His love, His power, His holiness, His presence in our lives, and with it may there come a fuller consecration, a new loyalty to truth and righteousness.

"What's the Use to Fret?"

(The following lines are probably a quarter of a century old. The writer at that time was a broad-minded and influential pastor of Plymouth Church, Milwaukee. Dr. Dudley was a man accustomed to speak with authority because he had authority for his speech. The lines at least carry the comforting reflection that the demand for a pure food law is not so modern after all, and that we have managed to live notwithstanding. And still, there is no use in fretting.—Editor.)

Sugar will not sweeten,
  Water will not wet,
Humbug can't be beaten
  And so what's the use to fret?

Tea a deadly poison
  Cured in copper dye,
Sugar bleached in acids
  Coffee two-thirds rye—
Soap-grease in the butter,
  Cheat in all you get,
Humbug can't be beaten
  And so what's the use to fret?

Hard old shells of cocoa
  Ground to powder fine,
Mixed with good, black pepper,
  Half and half's the chime;
Consumption in potatoes,
  Hot fever in the meat,
Poison in the candy,
  And in everything you eat.

Whiskey full of "rot-gut,"
  Aloes in the beer—
Everything is cheapened
  So all is twice as dear;
Shoddy in the broadcloth,
  Cotton in the silk;
Humbug is the watchword,
  And so "Boss" in every ilk.

Hogs are vile by nature,
  Shunned by virtuous Jews,
Made by trade more filthy,
  Passing through its stews,
Breeding foul trichina,
  Fed on measley slops,
Pork already ulcered
  Is for sale in all the shops.

Lard pumped up from oil vats,
  Stuffed with candle grease,
Stump-tailed cows when tried out
  Yield a golden—"fleece,"
Swine are always gouty,
  Strumous when they're born;
Who would think of eating them
  Save Esquimaux forlorn?

Men are sometimes doctored,
  Politics get mixed,
Love is but a gamester,
  And religion knows the tricks;
Brains are made for bullets,
  Brawn is "oush ga spiel."
Women man the breeches,
  And justice takes the deal.

Alas, for us poor humans,
  So victimized by tricks;
We're victimized when healthy
  And victimized when sick.
Quinine half red pepper,
  Cayenne half red lead,
Creosote in tinctures,
  And vile alum in our bread.

With dye stuff in the coffee,
  Dye stuff in the tea,
Dye stuff in the butter,
  All done for you and me;
With food and drink both cheapened,
  Yes, poisoned through and through,
And even things we cook in,
  Made alive with poison, too.

Pray tell us, O, ye sages,
  The gods not helping yet,
The times being only humbug,
  Say, can't we mortals fret?
No, sugar will not sweeten,
  Water will not wet;
Humbug can't be beaten,
  And so what's the use to fret?

—*John Langdon Dudley.*

According to the consistent teaching of Jesus, a Christian is one of the same likeness as Himself, and nothing will more certainly debauch the religious sense than any shifting of labels, so that one who keeps Jesus' commandments is denied His name, and one in whom there is no resemblance to Jesus receives it on grounds of correct opinion.

One cannot imagine our Master requiring the world to accept a disciple on the ground of the man's declaration of faith; He would offer to the world the test of the man's life.

When one puts in his faith as evidence, he is giving a check on a bank beyond reach; when he puts in his character he pays in gold.

The reasonableness of Jesus carries everything before it: "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit."

"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."—*John Watson, in "The Mind of the Master."*

THE STUDY TABLE

NOTABLE BOOKS OF VAN AND REAR.*

The imprint of Williams & Norgate on books of religion is an almost sure guarantee of genuine scholarly worth. Two such books recently added to the notable Crown Theological Library are Farnell's Evolution of Religion and Pfleiderer's Early Conceptions of Christ. These books are representative of the advanced point of view which characterizes this series. One may not always agree with the positions reached, but they are books to be reckoned with because they are the products of thorough scholarship, and every thoughtful Christian leader should be acquainted with the attitudes represented.

The first of these books consists of four lectures, the first two describing the rise of the "Comparative study of Religions" and pointing out some of the more striking parallels which have arisen among different races. In a brief way these lectures put one in touch with the present problems of this science and indicate the magnitude of this field, which needs so sorely a much larger enlistment of workers and a subdivision into many lines of specialization. Interesting lectures follow on the growth of the conception of purity and the evolution of prayer.

Professor Pfleiderer's book carries the comparative method much farther, finding the covering if not indeed the very kernel of the Christ-story in the myths and dogmas of other religions. It is not, however, that Christianity is the product of these religions; it took these outer forms merely because of the necessities of our human nature. To quote a single sentence: "The deliverance of the Christian idea from the rigid fetters of Judaism was only possible at the price of its investiture in the fluent forms of myths and rites. It was the service of these to deliver Christianity from its bald time-forms and convert it into a timeless present. And it is the closing admonition of the author that we complete this process by freeing ourselves absolutely from the fateful ban of historicism, which loses the power of finding God in the living present."

As an example of the comparative method the book is valuable, and light comes from many and unexpected sources, though it suggests often the dangers of an over-eager search for parallels. Of the historic Christ which lay behind the myth there is no word. We are not ready to dismiss historicism so easily. We do not want the real facts floated off by "timeless myths." Who and what was Jesus? This is the question to which historical and textual criticism are bringing so much illumination and the results of which are passed over in silence by this book.

With equal willingness the truly Catholic scholar should be ready to greet Dr. Orr's treatment of the Old Testament. This is probably the best statement of the extreme conservative position on Old Testament criticism which we now have. The nearly six hundred pages are closely packed with discussion, notes and references which make the book a valuable compendium for reference, and we can ill spare those books which most hotly put to the test the newer theories of Biblical scholarship. The book is the result of forty years of interest. When it was ready for the press it was submitted, as an afterthought, in competition for the Bross prize, offered by Lake Forest University, which it unanimously received from a committee consisting of Dr. Ladd of Yale, Dr. Ormond of Princeton, and Dr. Wright of Oberlin.

It is only fair, however, to remember, as the author confesses in the early chapters, that to him certain literary conceptions of the Bible *must* be true or the heart is gone out of Christianity. He at once enters the ranks of pleaders. Facts must be made to square with his views of the supernatural. Indeed, the real subject of the book is not the problem of the Old Testament. We would not know that there was any problem there. The modern critical views are the problem. Let us be rid of them and all reverts to its pristine innocence. While there is abundant criticism of the various theories of modern scholarship there are few commitments beyond the confident assertion of Mosaic authorship. The existence of early sources is admitted, but there is no definition of their nature; the *Hammurabi* problem is hardly mentioned; as for Daniel, the author has discovered Greek musical instruments in remote times and he is assured of a real King Belshazzar; all this "without entering into the critical question." But is not the critical question "the problem of the Old Testament?" Is Daniel history or fiction?

Still the book, as already said, is likely to be a standard for the position it represents, and, indeed, it pushes the line of conservatism somewhat forward. For example, the author understands and admits that he is himself a higher critic; he points out the error of conceiving that the essence of prophecy is in prediction; even the Mosaic authorship has qualifications, and, finally, he is sure, as are we all, that the critical process is the way of light and hope.

Is it too much to hope that these books will have a candid hearing not only from the company which each represents, but also from the ranks of its opponents?

JAMES A. BLAISDELL.

Beloit College.

From Frederick Stokes Co. I am in receipt of a remarkable book, entitled "The Siege of the South Pole," by Hugh R. Mill, LL.D. This is the most complete volume of exploration and discovery, for popular reading, that I have ever met with. It is thoroughly scholarly, and yet entirely readable in the family. The illustrations constitute a very large part of the book, with abundant maps. In fact, the illustrations are so abundant as to constitute a continuous panorama. In many respects this struggle to learn the secrets of the Antarctic Circle is more interesting than the efforts to reach the Northern Pole. "Thank God," said King Edward VII, in bidding farewell to the Discovery, "this is no warlike expedition." From the day of Captain Cook, who made the icebergs echo to the bagpipes, the bond between Scotland and Antarctic adventure has been unbroken. Russia sent one of the most notable expeditions, while that of the Challenger is perhaps best known. Still the great Antarctic Continent remains the unsolved problem.

From the Macmillan Co., of New York, I receive The New Earth, a recital of the triumphs of modern agriculture, by W. S. Harwood. This book is certainly of very high value as popularizing recent progress in agriculture, but it lacks so painfully in literary structure as to be provoking on nearly every page. The book contains some of the most awkward passages that ever went to press. Yet the book contains an immense amount of valuable material, which simply wants editing. You can hardly get along without it, if you are interested in country life.

E. P. POWELL.

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*The Evolution of Religion. Farnell, Williams and Norgate. Imported by Putnam. New York.
Early Conceptions of Christ. Pfleiderer. Williams and Norgate. Putnam. New York.
The Problem of the Old Testament. James Orr, D. D. Scribner's. New York.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Value of a Man

The following clipping from the *Boston Transcript* is interesting, rather for its attempt to estimate "the cost of saving souls" than for any information that is worth while as to the returns from investment in religious enterprise. It might seem to those accustomed to the dollar measure that the church under whose auspices the greatest results can be accomplished—the most "souls saved"—is the one most worthy of encouragement and investment. It is hard to take such a suggestion seriously, but if there is any truth whatever in the statement that the Volunteers or the workers at Pacific Garden Mission either do or could "convert" one man for every six dollars given them, even though the conversion meant a mere physiacl redemption from a life of degradation, how is it possible they should beg for funds when "Christian" men and women are wasting thousands of dollars on fleeting pleasures? The figures given are chiefly interesting as revealing the "cost" of a man in the religious crusade. A good cow is worth $40 and a farmer often sells a hog for $25, while a horse will bring from $100 to $1,000. Yet we are told a church can redeem a drunkard, transform an outcast and "save" an immortal soul for a few dollars but is unable to get the price!

The clipping is entitled:

SALVATION COMES HIGH.

SOME FIGURES SHOWING COST OF CONVERTS.

CHICAGO, July 28.—That the cost of salvation in Chicago is higher than in Atlanta, Ga., was revealed in figures given out by ministers and evangelists of nine different denominations. Rev. E. H. Peacock, of the Tabernacle Baptist Church in Atlanta, who said that it costs one dollar to save a soul in Chicago, while in Atlanta the expense is only 25 cents, fell far short of the mark as far as Chicago is concerned.

Instead of one dollar the average cost of converting Chicagoans amounts to more than $200 for each convert. The most expensive souls are those saved by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormons). It costs the Mormons $1,500 for every Chicagoan brought into the fold.

The Volunteers of America come nearest to following the biblical injunction that salvation shall be "without money and without price," because its converts cost the general treasury of the organization only $5 apiece.

Here is a table of denominations and the cost of each convert:

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints	$1,500.00
Universalist	150.00
Baptist	50.00
English Lutheran	50.00
Chicago Avenue (Moody's) Church	24.00
Methodist	20.00
Salvation Army	6.50
Pacific Garden Mission	6.00
Volunteers of America	5.00

Elder German E. Ellsworth, in charge of the Chicago Mormon Mission, said he had no faith in converts who cost only 25 cents.

"My experience has been that those 25 cent converts that Rev. Mr. Peacock spoke of, don't stick," said he. "We have to pay an average price of $1,500 for every convert we make, and they are the kind that stay with us. Cheap converts, like everything else, are too expensive in the end."

Rev. Johnston Myers, pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church, declared that Mr. Peacock's figure at $1 for each Chicago convert was much too low.

"We have at least 2,000 baptisms every year in Chicago," said he. "I should say that it costs our church at least $50 for every new member who comes in and is baptized."

"Our converts cost the church nearly $150 each," said Rev. Frederick C. Priest, pastor of the Universalist Church of the Redeemer.

"The reason for the high price we have to pay for converts is that we have no such evangelistic methods, revivals, and public confessions of religion as have our orthodox brethren. The average expense of a Universalist Church in Chicago is from $4,000 to $6,000 a year, and we average from thirty to fifty new members annually."

Another reason for the high price of salvation in Chicago was given by Rev. W. B. Leach, pastor of the Fulton Street Methodist Church, who declared that "Chicago sinners are much tougher than elsewhere."

The Chicago synod of the English Lutheran Church keeps statistics on the cost of salvation and other items of expense to the church. Every converted Lutheran has cost that church $50, according to the figures given by Rev. Austin D. Crile, pastor of the Wicker Park Lutheran Church.

"I know Peacock," said A. P. Fitt, of the Moody Bible Institute. "He was here at the institute several months ago. He is a good religious worker, but he evidently isn't much of an authority on the cost of evangelistic work. Take the Moody Church here as an example. Last year about 250 people united with the church, and this has been the average during Dr. Torrey's pastorate. Our expenses for a year are about $6,000. There you have it."

The Salvation Army, which "battles for souls" seven days in the week, cannot reduce the cost of conversion below $6.50.

"Expense isn't a thing to be considered when you are talking of saving souls," said Commissioner Kilbey, "and you can't put into figures the good we do, but there is no doubt that conversions in Chicago cost more than a dollar apiece."

The expenses of a Salvation Army corps include the salaries of two paid officers, which vary from $11 to $16 for both, the rental of a hall and incidentals, which bring the total to something over $25 a week. The various corps show an average of four conversions each during the month of June.

Reports by the Volunteers of America show a slightly smaller cost. One, from a post paying $25 a week for salaries, reported eight conversions. The annual report of the old Pacific Garden Mission in Van Buren street, which has a warmer place in the hearts of Chicago's floating population than any other institution of its kind, shows the expenses for 1905 to have been $6,059. One who is familiar with the work estimated the number of souls saved during the year at 1,000. In other words, every broken man or fallen woman who asks for prayers in the little old hall costs $6. But Harry Monroe will tell you that they are cheap at that, and that the price was paid 2,000 years ago. They don't worry much about money at the Pacific Garden Mission.

Wm. Penn on Undenominationalism

In a letter addressed by Wm. Penn to the secretary of the Board of Trade and Plantations, dated Teddington, October 24, 1688, occurs this noteworthy sentence—"We can never be the better for our religion, if our neighbor be the worse for it." He further writes:

"The second remedy to our present distemper is this: Since all parties profess to believe in God, Christ, the Spirit, and Scripture; that the soul is immortal; that there are eternal rewards and punishments; and that the virtuous shall receive the one and the wicked suffer the other; I say since this is the common faith of Christendom, let us all resolve with the strength of God to live up to what we agree in, before we fall out so miserably about the rest in which we differ. I am persuaded the charge and comfort which that pious course would bring us to, would go very far to dispose our nature to compound easily for all the rest, and we might hope yet to see happy days in poor England, for there I would have so good a work begun. And how is it possible for the eminent men of every religious persuasion, especially the present ministers of the Parishes of England, to think of giving an account to God at the last day, without using the utmost of their endeavors to moderate the members of their respective communities towards those that differ from them, is a mystery to me."—*From the Spectator.*

True Advance in Life

Mighty of heart, mighty of mind, magnanimous—to be this is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly is indeed "to advance in life"—in life itself, not in the trappings of it. An education of soul is possible which in itself is advancement in life—any other may perhaps be advancement in death. He only is advancing in life whose heart is growing softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And they who have this life in them are the true lords of the earth—they and they only.—*From John Ruskin, in Sesame and Lilies.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Coal Lands.

The decisive action of President Roosevelt in withdrawing from entry 6,000,000 acres of public lands known to possess workable coal is one which will receive the commendation of the American people. These lands, situated in New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, North Dakota, Montana, Oregon and Washington, are sufficient to provide an indefinite supply of fuel. President Roosevelt ordered the withdrawal of the coal lands only after a most thorough investigation. His act is possibly in conflict with law, or absence of law, yet President Roosevelt will undoubtedly be supported in his move should such prove to be the case. He had declared in a message to Congress that "no oil or coal lands held by the government, either within the public domain proper or territory owned by Indian tribes, should be alienated." Senator La Follette had introduced a bill in accord with these views, but Congress adjourned without action. There was opposition to the measure. Now, although no authority can be found investing power in the President to withdraw the coal lands from entry, yet the President proceeds to do so. His stand in protecting the interests of the public will receive in general unqualified approval, however much criticism is directed at him from certain quarters. Secretary Hitchcock has information showing that thousands of acres of public lands have been entered as agricultural, when, in reality, they were valuable mining lands. Prosecutions for fraud are now under way. President Roosevelt has accomplished two things—prevented unscrupulous speculators from making a grabbag of valuable public property, in securing it under false representation—and saved to the people coal lands which will make them independent of coal monopoly and coal strikes or any disagreement concerning coal between capital and labor. The people have come to their own in their coal through President Roosevelt.

Russell Sage.

An enemy is said to have declared of Russell Sage some years ago: He is feared by many, respected by some, admired by few, envied by none, and loved by his wife." This characterization is interesting when compared with the epitaph which is to be engraved on Sage's monument: "I have done the best that I could by the light of the day." It looks as if here were a last word to the world from the multi-millionaire as his body crumbles below in its grave of burglar-proof, tempered steel. We are to apply this statement to every act of the famous financier, including the seizing and using one of his clerks as a shield to protect himself from an explosion of dynamite, and then, when the clerk was crippled for life, giving some recompense only when sued and forced to do so. Everybody, saint or devil, does the best he is able according to the light of the day. That is no vindication. The question is: Should there not have been "mehr licht"? The eighty millions go absolutely without condition to Sage's wife, who now deposes Hetty Green as the richest woman in America. "Loved by his wife," declared Sage's enemy, and the will shows that Sage also returned that love. Millions for his wife, but not one cent for charity. Yet through her guidance these millions may percolate into usefulness.

The Zion Estate.

Judge K. M. Landis, of the United States District Court, decides that neither John Alexander Dowie nor Wilbur Glenn Voliva has any claim upon the property of Zion. A temporary receiver has been appointed, pending the final decision and naming of a permanent trustee. On the third Tuesday of September the Zionites are to elect a spiritual ruler. Dowie's followers received the decision by singing the hymn "Consolation," and Voliva's supporters joined in the anthem "O Happy Day." Evidently neither the hymnal of Dowie nor Voliva contains the verse beginning "Blest be the tie that binds."

The North Pole.

Wireless telegraphy from the Arctic zone furnishes a prelude in the undertaking of Walter Wellman, of the *Record-Herald*, to reach the pole by air-ship. The attention of the world is focused upon this attempt. While the whole proceeding may at first seem unreasonable, yet in reality it is not an unjustified experiment. More and more people feel there could be no greater failure in this affair than not to attempt it under the present conditions. It is not a plan to be classed with rolling over Niagara falls in a barrel. The project is thoroughly worth while and in the hands of skillful, tried men.

Glances from the Watch Tower.

Fifty-three have been drowned in Chicago within the last three months.

The census bureau will soon begin an inquiry concerning divorce statistics.

Assaults on women and children still continue with alarming frequency in Chicago.

Statistics show that less wine is now used in Great Britain. The substitute is not named.

Holland sorrows for its young Queen and its lack of realization of an heir to the throne.

A landslide on the tracks of the New York Central railroad causes another wreck and list of victims.

The last year there were 12,433 immigrants rejected. This is over 1 per cent of those applying for admission.

John D. Rockefeller returns to the land of oil despite the process-server, with a smile on his face and a flower in his buttonhole.

The dress reformers are having another session. If something were accomplished the meetings would be taken more seriously by the public.

Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, occasionally overlooks a court injunction when he is busily engaged in securing a three-cent fare for the people.

Some papers continue to make much these summer months of the Thaw-White tragedy. An appetite among certain people for the abnormal is here aided and abetted.

More diamonds than ever before were imported into the United States the last fiscal year—amounting to $55,000,000. This exceeded the previous year in value by $8,000,000.

Samuel Sloan, of New York City, is nearly 89 years of age and a director in thirty-one corporations. He declares that the stress of commercial life today is no greater than it was twenty-five years ago.

One of the most pernicious influences in making criminals is the cheap theater. Many of these reek with a suggestiveness which is largely accountable for the deplorable actions of impressionable boys and irresponsible men.

The treaty of the Marblehead ends the war of three Central American nations. Mexico and the United States officiated as peacemakers. It is probably the first treaty ever named after a warship on which it was framed and signed.

Eugene V. Debs has endeavored to arouse excitement by declaring in a speech that the three miners now in jail, charged with the murder of former Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, should be liberated by revolution and bloodshed.

The question is under discussion: "Should Unitarians be married in an Episcopal Church, with the Episcopal service?" One is moved to ask: "Why in the world do Unitarians want to be married in the Episcopal Church, with Episcopal service?"

Tablets in the public school buildings in Milwaukee bearing the names of officials indicted for graft by the grand jury are to be torn down. Why not leave them in evidence as horrible examples to the school children? It might be more effective all around.

Secretary Root attended a $100,000 banquet in Rio Janeiro and was drawn to the meal in a carriage built especially for the purpose at a cost of $12,000. The Monroe doctrine was lauded. It is a pity that the Monroe doctrine does not contain a word about useless expenditure.

It is claimed that a new health record will be made for Chicago the past month, with the one exception of July, 1904. Incidentally, there is an increase this year of 24 per cent in the number of people using the public baths—the total to date for the year amounting to 362,118 bathers.

A Chicago man gave notice that he intended to kill himself and then said he refrained when he considered the heart pangs it would give his wife. He should have weighed the heart pangs before making his announcement. Why could he not say he had acted inanely instead of talking about the heart pangs of some one else?

A Chicago alderman has been expelled from his local union because he introduced a resolution—adopted by the Chicago city council—recommending capital punishment for the assailants of women and children. The local union's desire for leniency for the man who attacks women and its objection to capital punishment is truly touching. It is such a union as this that sends out sluggers.

The Interparliamentary Union, holding sessions in London, is bringing pressure to bear for the establishment of an international parliament for regular meetings of The Hague tribunal, and also presents a model arbitration treaty. Its actions cannot but affect the next Hague congress. The objects with which it deals are of vital importance. An international parliament will be a future necessity for the nations, even as the Congress of the United States is necessary to its welfare.

F. A. W.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The highest task that holds for men and women is the choosing of an ideal to grow toward. It should be sufficiently far away to require a whole lifetime to pursue it.

MON.—Happy is the man who might live in a mansion but prefers to live in a cottage.

TUES.—To be "near to the heart of nature" is to be far away from the friction, the contentions, the poisoning jealousies of life.

WED.—I believe in immortality because God has given me a prophetic appetite for it. This law is always the compensation and comfort of the poet.

THURS.—Would you know the peace of God? Realize that you are a part of that infinite majesty. Strive to catch now and then a note of the heavenly melody. Remember that everything beautiful springs from a beauty that is behind it. All your loves are fed from the fountain of infinite love.

FRI.—The love that makes for the redemption of man is divine love, whether we phrase it in the language of philosophy, of science or religion; whether we study it in the light of the facts of biology or the experiences of humanity.

SAT.—The heart of Jesus is the heart of humanity, and humanity entire has sprung out of the Eternal Heart that built the fires of the sun and set the planets a-swinging.

—*From "Nuggets from a Welsh Mine."—J. Ll. Jones.*

Wanted

God, give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds—
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

—*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

*How Buddha Began His Works of Mercy

Thereat, with instant skill, the little prince
Pronounced the total of the atoms true.
But Viswamitra heard it on his face
Prostrate before the boy; "For thou," he cried,
"Art teacher of thy teachers—thou, not I,
Art Guru. Oh, I worship thee, sweet prince!
That comest to my school only to show
Thou knowest all without the books, and know'st
Fair reverence besides."
Which reverence
Lord Buddha kept to all his schoolmasters,
Albeit beyond their learning taught; in speech
Right gentle, yet so wise; princely of mien,
Yet softly-mannered; modest, deferent,
And tender-hearted, tho' of fearless blood;
No bolder horseman in the youthful band
E'er rode in gay chase of the shy gazelles;
No keener driver of the chariot
In mimic contest scoured the palace courts;
Yet in mid-play the boy would ofttimes pause,
Letting the deer pass free; would ofttimes yield
His half-won race because the laboring steeds
Fetched painful breath; or if his princely mates
Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream
Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years
Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves,
To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain or tears,
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
Nor ever to be felt. But it befell
In the royal garden in a day of spring,
A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging
To their north nest-places in Himala's breast.
Calling in love-notes down their snowy line,
The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted;
And Devadatta, cousin of the prince,
Pointed his bow, and loosed a wilful shaft
Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan
Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road,
So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes,
Which seeing, Prince Siddartha took the bird
Tenderly up, rested it in his lap—
Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Buddha sits—
And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,
Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,
Caressed it into peace with light, kind palms
As soft as plantain-leaves an hour unrolled;
And while the left hand held, the right hand drew
The cruel steel forth from the wound and laid
Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.
Yet all so little knew the boy of pain
That curiously into his wrist he pressed
The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting,
And turned with tears to soothe his bird again.
Then some one came who said, "My prince hath shot
A swan, which fell among the roses here,
He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"
"Nay," quoth Siddartha, "if the bird were dead
To send it to the slayer might be well,
But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
The God-like speed which throbbed in this white wing."
And Devadatta answered, "The wild thing
Living or dead, is his who fetched it down;
'Twas no man's in the clouds, but fall'n 'tis mine,
Give my prize, fair cousin," Then our Lord
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek
And gravely spake, "Say no! the bird is mine,
The first of myriad things which shall be mine
By right of mercy and love's lordliness.
For now I know, by what within me enters,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,
Abating this accursed flood of woe,
Not man's alone; but, if the prince disputes,
Let him submit this matter to the wise
And we will wait their word." So it was done;
In full divan the business had debate,
And many thought this thing and many that,
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
"If life be aught, the saviour of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
Who sought to slay—the slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains, give him the bird,"
Which judgment all found just; but when the king
Sought out the sage for honor, he was gone:
And some one saw a hooded snake glide forth—
The gods come ofttimes thus! So our Lord Buddha
Began his works of mercy.

*A story from Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," which all children should know.

God requires nothing but righteousness of His children. Ritual, whether it be of the Levitical Code, of the Episcopal cathedral, or of the Quaker meeting-house, is useful only in case it promotes righteousness, useless if it does not. God will never take anything else as a substitute for personal character, whether offered by man or on his behalf. Salvation is not a method by which men can get into heaven without character; salvation is character. Christ came, not to provide a substitute for righteousness, but to help men to attain righteousness.—*The Outlook.*

The Parrott Surprised Him

A parrot in a country district escaped from its cage and settled on the roof of a laborer's cottage. The laborer had never seen such a thing before and climbed up with a view of securing it. When his head reached the level of the top of the roof, the parrot flopped a wing at him and said: "What d'ye want?"

Very much taken back, the laborer politely touched his cap and replied:

"I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were a bird!"—*Exchange.*

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EDITORS: JENKIN LLOYD JONES, WILLIAM KENT

ASSISTANT EDITOR: EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EPARTMENT EDITORS: CYRUS A. OSBORNE, MRS. WM. KENT

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Pilgrim Church Celebrates

FOUNDED IN SCROOBY, ENGLAND, IT OBSERVED ITS THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY YESTERDAY.

"They shooke off this yoke of anti-Christian bondage, and as ye Lord's free people joyned themselves (by a covenant of the Lord) into a church estate, in ye fellowship of ye Gospel, to walke in all his ways, made known, or to be made known, unto them, according to their best endeavors, whatsoever it should cost them, the Lord assisting them." This, from Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation," explains why, in 1606, a little company of brave souls founded a church in Scrooby, England. A year later it was established in Holland. From it was set apart in 1620 the church which crossed the Atlantic in the Mayflower and became the First Church in Plymouth, Mass.

On Wednesday, Aug. 1, the three hundredth anniversary of the gathering of the Church of the Separatists in Scrooby, the mother church of the Pilgrim Fathers, will be observed. It is fitting that honor should be paid those who, driven by cruel necessity and in obedience to conscience, left home and friends to dwell in a strange land, and who finally, by the providence of God, crossed the Atlantic in the depth of winter, settled on these shores, and in 1620 founded Plymouth Plantation. They brought with them a church of their own order and a charter of civil government.

The services will include addresses by Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., chaplain of the United States Senate; ex-Governor John D. Long, LL. D., and Professor Edward C. Moore, Ph. D., D. D., Parkman professor of theology, Harvard University. Rev. George Batchelor, editor of the Christion Register; Rev. Rush R. Shippen and others will also take part. The morning service will begin at half-past ten o'clock. Luncheon will be provided for invited guests at half-past twelve. In the afternoon, at half-past two, there will be a communion service conducted by Rev. John Cuckson, minister of the church, assisted by visiting ministers, to which Christians of whatever name or creed, are cordially invited.

Delegates from every Unitarian society in New England have been invited to join in the exercises of the day, and share the hospitality of the mother church of Congregationalism in this country.

The committee of arrangements includes Mr. Cuckson, with William W. Brewster as chairman, and Arthur Lord, James D. Thurber and Hon. William S. Kyle. The invitations are very attractive, with a picture of the stately church building, and extracts from the church records. The order of exercises contains many hymns in full, as well as responsive readings from the old books of worship.—*Boston Transcript.*

C. E. Convention Opens

TWENTY-FIVE NATIONALITIES, AND MORE THAN FIFTY PROTESTANT DENOMINATIONS, REPRESENTED AT GENEVA.

Geneva, July 28.—Delegates are assembling in large numbers for the World's Christian Endeavor Convention, twenty-five nationalities and more than fifty Protestant denominations being represented. Exercises began last evening with a reception to speakers and others in a beautiful park and pavilion provided by the city of Geneva. Today the first public gathering, a welcome meeting, in which representatives of many countries responded to an address of welcome, was followed by an impressive praise service.

The American Missionary Association

The American Missionary Association has appointed the Rev. Philip S. Moxom, D. D., of Springfield, Mass.; Charles A. Hull, of Brooklyn, chairman of its executive committee and corresponding secretary; C. J. Ryder, D. D., a special committee to prepare the programme for the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the association, in Oberlin, Ohio, October 23 to 25. The association and the college have been intimately related since the association was organized in 1846. Both were antislavery and both have labored in behalf of the colored people of the south to promote education and Christian churches. Three of the secretaries of the association have been graduates of Oberlin—Secretary George Whipple, D. D. (1847-53); Secretary Michael Strieby, D. D. (1864-95), and Secretary C. J. Ryder, D. D. (1895). Dr. Ryder served as field

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Winona Bible Conference

The month of August in the minds of thousands of evangelical ministers of all denominations in the West has come to suggest the great Winona Bible Conference. This year the conference programme runs from morning service on Sunday, August 19, to evening service on Tuesday, August 28. Dr. Chapman, the director, will preach the opening sermon. As heretofore, the days will be crowded full of sermons, addresses and conferences on Christian work, with the object of providing a feast of good things various enough to stimulate every type of Christian disposition and to emphasize so far as possible every phase of Christian labor and duty. It is not expected that any one attendant will find the whole programme profitable, but it is hoped that every feature of it will be profitable to many. An entirely new departure will be the introduction of sociological addresses on the industrial problem under the supervision of Rev. Charles Stelzle, superintendent of the Presbyterian department of church and labor. The speakers will be Professor Graham Taylor, of Chicago Commons; Mr. John Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, and Mr. Ralph M. Easley, of the National Civic Federation. They will be heard on Friday of the first week. It has been the custom to have at least one speaker from abroad each season, and this year that will be Dr. W. L. Watkinson, of London, the greatest preacher of the Wesleyan Church of England. He will speak each day of the conference after the first. Dr. W. W. White, president of the Winona School of New York, will continue through the conference the daily Bible lessons which are already in progress in the summer Bible school of Winona. Dr. James M. Gray, dean of Moody Bible Institute, will give Bible lectures in the latter half of the conference. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, will speak daily from Tuesday to Friday of the first week. President David Gregg, of Western Theological Seminary; Dr. W. G. Moorehead, of Xenia Theological Seminary, and Dr. G. A. Funkhouser, of Union Biblical Seminary, are the theological professors on the programme. Of leading evangelists now popular among the churches Dr. W. E. Biederwolf, Dr. Henry Ostrom, Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, Dr. George R. Stuart, Dr. Ford C. Ottman, Dr. Clarence B. Strouse, Major James H. Cole, Rev. H. W. Stough and Rev. W. A. Sunday will be heard in various services. Dr. R. A. Torrey will speak on Friday evening. The Protestant Episcopal Church will be represented in the conference for the first time by Archdeacon Webber, of Boston, a successful "missioner" in that denomination. Dr. John F. Carson and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman are two eminent Brooklyn pastors who will speak three times each. Bishops Morrison and Tigert will be present from the Methodist Church. Miss Eva Booth, the Salvation Army commander, will have the evening hour on the second Monday, and Mr. John G. Woolley, the editor of the New Voice, will speak on temperance the closing afternoon. The conference on tithing will be held Wednesday in charge of Dr. E. B. Stewart, of Chicago. Foreign missions will have right of way Thursday under leadership of Assistant Secretary Bradt. Business men's conferences will be held Saturday and Sunday. The work of city rescue mission, which has heretofore been presented by the late Rev. S. H. Hadley, will be set forth by Messrs. Harry Monroe and Melvin Trotter, and a memorial service will be held for Mr. Hadley. Rev. C. T. Schaeffer will conduct children's meetings daily. —From *The Interior.*

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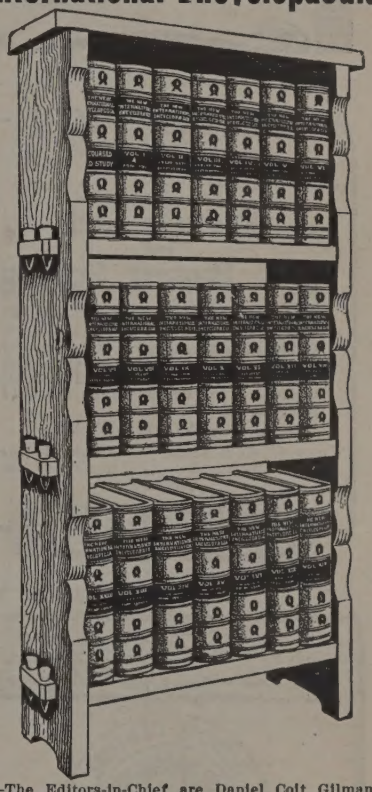

—The Editors-in-Chief are Daniel Coit Gilman, L. L. D., President of Johns Hopkins University (1876-1901), afterwards President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington; Harry Thurston Peck, Ph. D., L. H. D., Professor in Columbia University, and Frank Moore Colby, M. A., late Professor in New York University, assisted by over three hundred scholars as assistants.
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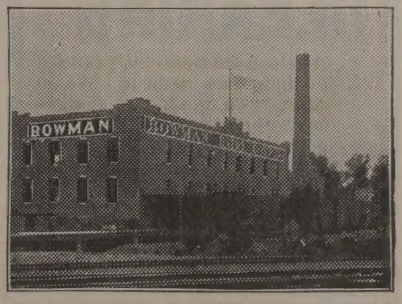

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